





## Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

### REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR STATE SENATOR,  
C. S. TAYLOR,  
Of Ohio County.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,  
W. M. AWTRY.

FOR Supt. of Schools,  
G. S. FITZHUGH.

Our school interests will be zealously guarded and cared for by G. S. Fitzhugh.

C. S. TAYLOR is well posted on the needs of this people and as our State Senator will represent us honestly.

LIP E. PIKE, one of the best professional base ball players in the country, died in New York last Tuesday.

C. S. TAYLOR, W. M. AWTRY and G. S. FITZHUGH are a strong team and will not be balked by the team that now confronts them.

Is the Chattanooga City election last Tuesday the Democratic Mayor was elected by the small majority of 108 votes, and five out of eight Aldermen that were elected were Republicans.

DON'T let the school interests of Ohio county die, but vote for G. S. Fitzhugh for County Superintendent and he will devote his time and energy in giving us a better class of schools.

No man in Ohio county stands higher or has the confidence of the people to a greater degree than has W. M. AWTRY, our candidate for Representative. Vote for him and you will be represented.

A movement is on foot to vacate the City Schools of Evansville, Ind., from the 19th to the 29th to give teachers and pupils an opportunity to visit the World's Fair at a rate of \$3.50 for round trip.

MR. WHITTAKER may expect the three hundred majority from this county promised him by its Delegates at Beaver Dam last Tuesday, but the returns have yet to come in and its exceedingly doubtful about him getting them.

SEVEN hundred thousand people—probably the largest crowd ever assembled—visited the World's Fair on the 9th, Chicago Day, breaking the one day record at Paris by an overwhelming majority, and completely smothering the big Fair figures of any other exhibition ever held.

AN old Pottawattamie Chief, Simon Pokagon, whose father, Leopold, deeded the land upon which Chicago is built, played an important part in the parade at the World's Fair on Chicago Day. He lives in Hartford, Mich., and was born sixty-three years ago the 27th day of last September, on the very day that his father made the deed to the agents of the United States.

INDIANAPOLIS, ex-President Harrison's home, gave Cleveland 640 majority last November. Since that time the people have learned a thing or two, and on last Tuesday in an election of Mayor, Clerk, Police Judge and six Councilmen the Republicans "swept up the face of the earth," electing every one of their candidates by majorities ranging from 2,500 to 3,000. How is this for a gain?

JAMES E. WHITTAKER, of Loganport, Butler county, was nominated by the Democrats at Beaver Dam last Tuesday as a candidate for State Senator for the 7th District. Mr. Whittaker is as good a citizen as the District has in it and a man of some aspirations, having once been a candidate for Door-keeper of the House of Representatives. It seems that to be sacrificed was no choice of Mr. Whittaker's, but merely a determination on the part of the Convention that none of the rest of them would be, and probably more as a joke than a reality. Mr. Whittaker accepted it, for knowing as he does that there is not a man in the District that even with a fighting chance could beat C. Slade Taylor, and as it is with a majority of a round one thousand staring him in the face, it's bound to be a joke.

An editor of a blooming county paper in the rural districts describes a full dress reception thusly: The widow of George Smith wore a dark coiffure, held in place by the pulley-bone of a sage hen, and looked first rate. Her daughter wore a negligee costume consisting of a red blanket, caught back with real burdock burrs and held in place by means of a hame string. Miss Henry wore blue calico with bunch of grass at the throat. Miss Slylock wore straw colored bodice with rick-rack around the arm holes. After a pleasant evening a general row was indulged in, and the doctors and undertakers did the rest.

Wanted: One or two carloads of good popular lumber. Address, F. A. AMES & CO., Owensboro, Ky.

## WASHINGTON.

This week has been far from satisfactory to the Administration. First came the dissatisfaction among Democratic Congressmen at the arbitrary order of Mr. Cleveland compelling them to submit their business with the President to private Secretary Huber, who decides whether they may or may not see the President. This dissatisfaction became so marked that an official explanation was given out from the White House, to the effect that the original order was issued because Mr. Cleveland had decided to accept the recommendations of members of his cabinet as to all appointments coming under their several departments and that it was therefore necessary for Congressmen to see him concerning appointments. The next move of the Administration was an attempt to stop the growing tendency towards a settlement by compromise of the silver dead-lock in the Senate, made through Secretary Carlisle who announced to the Democratic Senators that no compromise would be countenanced by the Administration, and that unless the Voorhees repeal bill was passed it would be kept before the Senate to the exclusion of the bill for the repeal of the Federal election laws, the tariff and all other political legislation, the idea being that the Southern Senators opposed to the Voorhees bill would be thus coerced into supporting that measure. It seems to have had a contrary effect, as for the first time Democratic Senators have since openly advocated compromise on the floor of the Senate and sharply criticised the Administration Senators for refusing to agree to it.

While nearly all of the Republican Senators believe that a compromise is the only way out of the silver dead-lock, they are taking no part in bringing it about, feeling that the proposition for compromise should come from the Democrats as long as that party is in the majority in the Senate and responsible for legislation. The Republicans also know that any proposition they might make for a compromise would be misconstrued. In fact the treatment of the Republican Senators who favor the repeal of the purchasing clause of the silver law has hardly been fair, while counting upon their votes to aid in passing the bill when it comes to a vote, if it ever does, and upon their assistance in any method that might be adopted to force it to a vote, Senator Voorhees has at no time taken them into his plans, or asked their advice. A natural consequence of this is that a number of Republican Senators who are from principle in favor of repeal will do nothing to help Senator Voorhees force a vote. As the case stands now the silver men are defiant and Senator Voorhees has publicly confessed his inability to get a vote.

The second week of the debate in the House on the bill for the repeal of the Federal election laws has been, if possible, even more uninteresting than the first, the Republicans allowing the Democrats to do the most talking, contenting themselves with interjecting a question now and then just to show the falsity of the Democratic arguments. The big sugar trust now has a lobby in Washington, for the purpose of seeing that the Democratic members of the House Ways and Means Committee do not weaken under the great pressure that is now being brought to bear upon them and leave sugar untaxed. The sugar trust can well afford to spend a million or two dollars if necessary, to get a tax put upon foreign sugar, as experts figure that such a tax would enable the sugar trust to pocket anywhere from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 the day the tax went into effect. The whisky trust has also a lobbyist at work trying to get the revenue tax on whisky increased. This trust has an enormous quantity of whisky in bond and any increase in the tax would be just making it a present of so much money.

Representative Davis, of Kansas, showed the House Committee on Banking and Currency how little he knew about sound financial methods by an argument in favor of his bill to issue \$200,000,000 in fractional currency. His statement that the farmers were unable to pay their debts because of the scarcity of money was repudiated by every member of the Committee, Republican and Democrat alike, so far as their districts are concerned, and he was several times cornered by questions from members of the Committee. Mr. Davis is one of those who believe that all the government has to do is to keep on issuing money, without regard to its future redemption, in order to make everybody prosperous and happy.

The House Committee on Invalid Pensions wants to know about those pension suspensions as well as about some other methods of the present management of the pension bureau, and at its first meeting, held this week, it authorized the reporting of a resolution to the House calling for detailed information from the Commissioner of Pensions, and later got it adopted by the House.

### TOWN TATTLE.

One of our oldest and most highly respected citizens tells this story of the good antebellum days. The actors were boys about twelve or fourteen years of age. One of them is now a citizen of this county, the other is a preacher in another State. The boys were at preaching at Alexander Schoolhouse one winter day when the ground was covered with snow. The boys, instead of listening to the sermon, spent the time in the yard snow-balling. Finally the boy,

who is now the preacher, got in a heavy hit on his companion and then retreated into the house for safety. But his friend was not to be put off, so preparing a very solid snow-ball he deliberately walked into the house where he found his companion apparently taking great interest in the sermon. The boy with the snow-ball took in the situation at a glance, but nothing daunted. He explained his unceremonious entrance to the surprise of the preacher and his hearers by exclaiming: "Preacher or no preacher, Devil or no Devil, I'm going to hit him," and true to his word he let fly the snow-ball with unerring aim and slid out the door.

How few persons there are in the world who are really polite in all things. But there is no excuse for such "bad breaks" as was noticed on the Postoffice corner last Sunday eve. A large crowd was awaiting the distribution of the mail, and among the rest several young ladies and gentlemen. One of the latter had occasion to pass one of the young ladies a paper, and instead of carrying it to her, he threw it carelessly toward her. It fell several feet away and he did not offer to pick it up. The neglect was no doubt unintentional but it was quite noticeable and is merely an example of off recurring failure on the part of folks in general to be truly polite.

Last Thursday while the Court of Claims was in session, Mr. S. L. Fulkerson sent the following note to the cases addressed:

CASEBRIER & BURTON:—Please have my horse shod on his four feet only. S. L. FULKERSON. At once—I want to ride this eve.

To which he received the following reply: MR. FULKERSON:—It is impossible to do as you ask. Your horse cannot be shod on his four feet—as he is bound to hold one up while being shod.

CASEBRIER & BURTON.

### FORDVILLE.

Health of the community good.

Rev. J. Boling preached a sermon to the children Monday night at the M. E. Church.

Rev. B. F. Jenkins filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Mary McCarty returned from Owensboro Friday.

Miss Belle Whittinghill passed through town en route to her home at Rosine, where she will remain till Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza Walker is visiting relatives at the Walker House.

Miss Josie Patterson, of Prentiss, and Adolphus Johnson, Sulphur Springs, are the guests of Miss Oma and Byron Petty.

Ed Forbes and wife spent Sunday at the home of their uncle, Col. Edwin Forbes.

Prof. F. P. Stum, of Whitesville, is visiting relatives and friends here.

Miss Alice Brown has accepted the position as teacher of the Primary room. Miss Alice is one of our most intelligent young ladies and the position could not be filled by a more competent person.

The teachers of the Fordville school gave a spelling match Friday night, which proved quite a success and reflected much credit on the teachers.

The Fordville Teachers' Association, which met at Haynesville, was not very successful owing to the teachers not being informed in due time.

Master Watman Brooks, who has been quite ill of malaria fever, is improving.

Mr. Dabney Gaines, one of our oldest and honored citizens is ill at this writing.

Mr. White Sanders, who lived near Fordville, died on Saturday, Sept. 30, 1893. Mr. Sanders had been ill some time. He was eighty-four years old.

Long live the dear old REPUBLICAN.

VIRGIE.

### Only a Boy!

The above charming booklet sent by mail for One Dollar. 10 12t fr G. WRIGHT, Richardsville, Ky.

If you can afford to be annoyed by sick headache and constipation, don't use De Witt's Little Early Risers for they will cure them. L. B. BRAN.

**Pay Your Taxes!**  
Under the new revenue law I must settle my accounts with the Auditor next month, and at the first of next month a penalty of six per cent is added to all unpaid taxes. The money due as unpaid taxes must be paid at once, so please come forward and settle without further cost.

Very Resp'y,  
J. P. STEVENS, Sheriff.

Men laugh when told that Tobacco injures them, who, if they were honest, would confess to nervous headache, fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, indigestion and a general breaking down of their system. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets are the only remedy that effects a speedy and permanent cure.

## DO YOU KNOW

Our friends not only in Hartford but elsewhere are requested to make contributions to this column. Give your name each time as a proof of good faith. We should like to have "Do You Knows" from all the neighboring towns. Send in by Wednesday. That Jim Williams is as cute as ever?

That E. Tracy is growing enormously fat?

That "Bat" Nall is still in the laundry business?

That the Hartford Lecture Club is a grand institution?

That Moore & Griffin conduct a general laundry business?

That John Vaughn looked awful bad on Sunday after the Fair?

That two teachers came in last Saturday, thinking it was pay day?

That B. Smoot pays 50 cents a week to see his name in this column?

That "Dr. Rattlehead" has cooled off, and now says he does not want to fight?

That Will Fair is getting gray from trouble—his girl has gone back on him?

That the young duck who writes to the Louisville Star is sly, but I have found him out?

### KINDERHOOK.

That S. E. Bennett still goes to the Bend?

That C. H. Ellis spent Sunday above town?

Why Steve Woodward don't come to Kinderhook?

That you ought to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN?

That A. B. Riley attended church at Mt. Hebron Sunday?

That THE REPUBLICAN grows more interesting with each issue?

### CANEVILLE.

That we have a good paper here?

That we will have a wedding soon?

That an ice wagon melted here last week?

That Arch Romans likes the milliner business?

That Sanford Newman is a jolly drummer?

That Harned Bros. & Co. have a big store?

That new business firms are starting up in Caneyville?

That THE REPUBLICAN is very popular among our people?

That we have more pretty girls than any other town in the State?

That Greely Romans is awful sly about where he goes Sunday evenings?

That you ought to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN, as it is the best paper coming to this office?

### BEAVER DAM.

That business is good?

That Tom Stevens is full of gas?

Why Fred Taylor is always chewing wax?

Why Banker Barnes' head looks so slick?

That Beaver Dam has a lot of pretty girls?

That Byron Barnes looks like a monkey?

That Taylor-Hunt Co. will have a nice store?

That a Hartford boy got left here not long since?

Why Hob Taylor goes over to Hartford so often?

That Tom Taylor goes after his mail 33 times each day?

That several people want to know who writes from this place?

That the bouquet Charlie Parrott ought to have had never came?

That everybody is well pleased with THE REPUBLICAN at this place?

That Perry Westerfield is the best salesman that ever struck Beaver Dam?

That Ed Barnes can do more talking in 5 minutes than any other person can do in 50 minutes?

### HORTON.

That Willie Davis is our clown?

That we expect a wedding soon?

That we are for Taylor and Awtry?

That Goobar Taylor likes Services?

That Lonnie Sanderfer has lost his girl?

That Charley Childs feeds his girl on taffy?

Why Henry Taylor is much like a monkey?

That Major Black loves the name of Maude?

Why Loney Thompson can't afford a moustache?

That Mary Wedding is the sweetest girl in Horton?

That Willie Boswell is looking cross-eyed at B. M.

That Clyde Taylor says he is going to the World's Fair?

That George Liles' shoes were too slick at the candy pulling?

Why THE REPUBLICAN gets more interesting each issue?

That Randolph Wedding looks handsome in his base ball suit?

That Henry Martin would be handsome if he had Ben Plummer's face?

Why Bird Barnard wants to see I. E. McClure every Sunday evening?

That Ben Plummer's girl was not out to the candy pulling last Saturday night?

That there is an old maid in Horton that would be real good looking if she had a new set of teeth?

## THE SECRETARY.

A heavy hand had brushed me to break. A foot to quench the smoking flask well shod. A bitter zeal, alert and keen to make. The very nerve and wit betwixt mankind and God.

A visage stern that bids all stand apart. Who dare to worship at a different shrine. A sudden mood, a cold and sluggish heart. Unwarmed by any pulse of love divine.

A tongue in chiding swift, in praising slow. A practiced eye his fellows' faults to scan. These are the attributes by which man know The secretary, unrivaled by God or man.

## THE QUIET MAN.

When I was quite a young fellow and hadn't long joined the army, I used to belong to a fashionable club in London, the members of which were just the sort of men you read about in Lever's novels—as wild as wild could be, always in some scrape or other, and spending their whole time in riding, shooting, gambling or fighting—all except one.

That one was a small, quiet, pale fellow, gray haired man, with a very sad, weary look, as if he had once "seen crushed by some great sorrow and had never been able to shake it off. He hardly ever spoke to any one, and when he did it was in a voice as meek as his face.

So of course we made great fun of him among ourselves, finding these quiet ways of his a very queer contrast to our own rascally, harum scarum style, and we nicknamed him the "Quietest Man in the Club," though, indeed, we might just as well have called him the only quiet man in it.

Well, one evening when the room was pretty full, and our friend the quiet man was sitting as usual in the far corner away from everybody else, we began to talk about dueling, a subject with which we were all tolerably familiar, for there was hardly a man among us who hadn't been "out" once.

"They did some dueling in the old times," said Lord H., who was killed afterward in action. "You remember how those six chums of Henry III of France fought three to three till there was only one left alive out of the six."

"That was pretty fair certainly," cried Charlie Thornton of the Guards, "but after all it doesn't beat the great duel 30 years ago between Sir Harry Martingale and Colonel Fortescue."

He had hardly spoken when I jumped the quiet man as if somebody had stuck a pin into him.

"What on earth's the matter with him?" whispered Thornton. "I never saw him like that before."

"But what was the story, then, Charlie?" asked another man. "I've heard of Fortescue, of course, for he was the most famous duelist of his time in all England, and I've heard of his fight with Martingale, too, but I don't think I've ever heard any particulars, or at least none worth speaking of."

"I can give them to you, then," answered Thornton, "for my uncle was Martingale's second. I've heard him tell the story many a time, and he always said that although he had been in plenty of duels he had never seen one like that and never wanted to see it again. What they quarreled about I don't know, and I dare say they didn't know themselves, but my uncle used to say they knew by the look in their eyes when they took their places to fight that it could not end without blood, and it didn't."

"They fired twice, and every shot told, and then their seconds, seeing that both men were hurt and bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to it. But Fortescue—who was one of those grim fellows who are always most dangerous toward the end of the fight—insisted upon a third shot. The third time, by some accident, Martingale fired a moment too soon and gave a him bad wound in the side, but Fortescue pressed his hand to the wound to stop the bleeding, and then, almost bent double with pain though he was, he let out and brought down his man."

"Killed him?"

"Rather. Shot him elap through the heart. But it was his last duel, for from that day he was never heard of again, and people said he had either committed suicide or died of a broken heart."

"Well, I don't see why he need have done that, for after all, it was a fair fight," struck in Lord H., who had been looking over the newspapers on the table. "But, if you talk of dueling, what do you say to this?"

"Another duelling tragedy in Paris. The notorious Parisian bully and duelist, Armand de Villeneuve, has just added another wreath to his blood stained laurels, the very victim being the Chevalier Henri de Polignac, a fine young fellow of 23, the only son of a widowed mother. Some strong expressions of disgust used by the chevalier with reference to one of De Villeneuve's former duels having come to the latter's ears, he sought out De Polignac and insulted him so grossly as to render a meeting inevitable."

"The chevalier having fired first and missed, De Villeneuve called out to him, 'Look to the second buttonhole of your coat' and sent a bullet through the spot indicated into the breast of his opponent, who expired half an hour later in great agony. His mother is said to be broken hearted at his death. How much longer, we wonder, will this savage be allowed to offer these human sacrifices to his own insatiable vanity?"

Just then I happened to look up and saw the quiet man rise slowly from his chair, with a face so changed that it startled me almost as much as if I had seen him disappear bodily and another man rise up in his stead. I had once seen an oil painting abroad in which an avenging angel was hurling lightning upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and that was just how this man looked at that moment. He glanced at his watch and then came across the room and went quickly out to the door.

The next night, and the next, and the next after that, the quiet man didn't appear at the club and we all began to wonder what could have become of him. But when I came in on the fourth evening, there he was, though he looked—as it seemed to me—rather paler and feebler than usual.

"Here's news for you, Fred," called out Charlie Thornton. "That rascally French duelist, De Villeneuve, has met his match at last, and Dr. Lansett of the Bengal Native Infantry, who saw the whole affair, is just going to tell us all about it."

"Well, this was how it happened," began the doctor. "In passing through Paris I stopped to visit my old friend, Colonel de Malet, and he and I were strolling through the Tuileries gardens when suddenly a murrain ran through the crowd. Here came De Villeneuve. Then the throng parted, and I had just time to catch a glimpse of the bully's tall figure and long black moustache when a man stepped forth from the crowd and said something to him, and then suddenly dealt him a blow."

"Then there was a rush and clamor of voices, and everybody came crowding round so that I couldn't see anything. But presently De Malet came up to me and said, 'Lansett, we shall want you in this affair, although I'm afraid that you won't have much to do about your surgery for De Villeneuve never wounds without killing.' Just then the crowd opened, and I saw to my amazement that this man who had insulted and doled the most terrible fighter in all France was a slim little fellow, with a pale, meager face.

"As the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons," he heard him say quite coolly, "and I choose swords."

"Are you mad?" cried De Malet, seizing his arm. "Don't you know De Villeneuve's deadliest swordsmanship in Europe. Choose pistols—give yourself a chance!"

"Pistols may miss—swords can't," answered the stranger in a tone of such savage determination that every one who heard him, even De Villeneuve himself, furious though he was, gave a kind of shudder. "I had vowed never to fight again, save with a man who deserved to die. But you have deserved it well by your cold blooded murders, and die you shall!"

"Where both sides were so eager to fight there was no need of much preparation. They met that evening, Colonel de Malet being the stranger's second and another French officer acting for De Villeneuve."

"They fought for some time without a scratch on either side, and then suddenly the Englishman stumbled forward, exposing his left side. Quick as lightning the Frenchman's point darted in, and instantly the other's shirt was all crimson with blood, but the moment he felt the steel pierce him he made a thrust with all his strength and buried his sword up to the hilt in De Villeneuve's body. Then I understood that he had deliberately laid himself open to his opponent's weapon in order to make sure of killing him. So he had, for De Villeneuve never spoke again."

Just as the doctor said this, down fell a chair with a great crash, and looking up we saw the quiet man trying to slip past us to the door. Dr. Lansett sprang up and caught him by both hands.

"You here?" he cried. "Let me congratulate you upon having punished, as he deserved, the most cold hearted cut-throat in existence. I trust your wound does not pain you much?"

"What?" we all shouted, "was it he who killed De Villeneuve?"

"Indeed it was," answered the doctor, "and it was the pluckiest thing I ever saw."

We all jumped up from our chairs and came crowding round the air ring, but he looked at us so sadly and darkly that it made the shout die upon our lips.

"Ah, last! last!" said he in a tone of deep dejection, "for heaven's sake don't praise a man for having shed blood and destroyed life. I killed that ruffian as I would have killed a wild beast to save those whom he would have slaughtered. But God help the man who shall take a human life merely to gratify his own pride and anger! If you wish to know what happiness a successful duelist enjoys, look at me. Do you remember that story which Captain Thornton told here the other night about the duel in which Colonel Fortescue—the famous duelist, as you call him—killed Sir Henry Martingale?"

"To be sure," answered Charlie Thornton, looking rather scared. "But what of it?"

"I was once Colonel Fortescue," was the answer.—Exchange.

If the pretty weather continues the farmers will all get through cutting tobacco and be busy sowing wheat.

S. L. Baird and wife spent Saturday and Sunday near Centertown, the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Abbie Tichenor.

Fleetwood Ward, of No Creek, and Miss Mattie Chinn, of Beda, attended the Owensboro Fair last week.

Miss Ida Smith, teacher of Alexander school, spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in the Washington neighborhood.

James I. Baird went to Owensboro the latter part of last week.

Miss Myrtle Tinsley, of the Washington neighborhood, spent the greater part of last week visiting in this neighborhood, the guest of her brother, E. E. Tinsley.

Mrs. Minerva Ward returned from Curdsville last Thursday, where she had been for several weeks.

Mrs. Sallie Bowden, Caneyville, attended the Hartford Fair last week.

Mrs. Lydia Baird, Spring Lick, was visiting her many friends here several days last week.

B. S. Ellis has returned to his home here after spending two years in Colorado.

Mrs. Allen Anderson and daughter, Cora, spent last week above town, the guests of her mother. A. M. S.

A Mail Agent's Experience.

Louis D. Brennecke, Wallhalla, S. C., had Rheumatism for fifteen years, and during that time had never been free from pain. He tried the Hot Springs and physicians without benefit. After taking two bottles of Dr. Drummmond's Lightning Remedy he wrote that he was free from pain, and able to take several long walks. Your druggist should keep this remedy. If he has not got it, write to the Dr. Drummmond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York, and they will supply you. Agents wanted.



## Fall Clothing.

The condition of the market makes it possible for us to say

## A FALL IN CLOTHING

You can get just what you need at just about your own price.

## THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A TIME

And we hope, in all sincerity, that there never will be such a time again. But we can't mend matters by wishing—we must

## BE UP AND DOING.

The goods were ordered when everybody thought times were good.

## Our Stock Must Go!

So, if you can use a suit—and of course you can't get through the winter in a summer blazer—why

## COME IN AND Take Your Pick.

This means business from the word jump!

## FAIR BROS. & CO

Hard times Clothiers.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

Smoot for pictures  
Flour and Meal at Williams'.  
See our Cloaks. CARSON & Co.  
Try Stevens & Collins for Groceries.  
Buy your boots at Fair Bros. & Co.  
Stevens & Collins for Sweet Pickles.

Buy a stylish cloak at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Cheapest groceries at Stevens & Collins.

Big line of Millinery at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Best line of clothing at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Take your produce to Stevens & Collins.

Best Jeans pants at Fair Bros. & Co's.

Smoot is the best Photographer. Call on him.

Best Jeans, Linsey Blankets at Fair Bros. & Co's.

PICNIC HAMS at W. H. Williams. Try one.

Call on Tracy & Son for the best Sorghum Molasses.

Stevens & Collins sell and weigh at the same price.

The best stock of clothing in the country is at Carson & Co's.

We have an endless variety of Cloaks. CARSON & Co.

Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Pears at W. H. Williams.

We have every style and shape of Hats. CARSON & Co.

Stop at the Commercial Hotel. Thos. H. Bean is the proprietor.

Trade continues good at Fair Bros. & Co. Our prices insure good times.

Don't fail to see the MAMMOTH stock of groceries at W. H. Williams'. Wholesale and Retail.

Caschler & Burton will treat you right. Leave orders with them for anything in their line.

Teachers, when you come to town next Saturday, visit C. R. Martin, the jeweler, at Williams & Bell's.

John Earls and Miss Mollie Higgs, of Pleasant Ridge, were married at the Court House yesterday by Judge John P. Morton.

All kinds of STAPLE and FANCY Groceries, wholesale and retail at W. H. Williams'. Try him once and you will always go there.

Dr. J. R. Pirtle leaves this morning for Nashville, Tenn., where he will enter the Dental Department of Vanderbilt University.

For the lowest price and the best terms on School Furniture and apparatus, required by the new school law, see or write W. A. GIBSON, Agt., Hartford, Ky.

### W. H. WILLIAMS LEADS.

Thos. H. Bean is at the Commercial Hotel. Call and see him.

You can depend on the Clover Leaf Shoe. CARSON & Co.

Big trade in Fair Bros. & Co's. Millinery Department.

Try our \$1 Ladies Button Shoes. CARSON & Co.

Smoot will make you a good Photograph and he guarantees his work.

Every farmer that buys his Fall Goods at Fair Bros. & Co., saves money.

Call on C. R. Martin for jewelry and watch repairing—at Williams & Bell's.

It is useless to say that W. H. Williams has FREE DELIVERY, for they all know it.

FOR SALE—A fine young saddle horse, cheap for cash. Apply to S. A. ANDERSON, Hartford, Ky.

Remember that Thos. Bean is at the Commercial, where he will be pleased to see his friends.

Our local advertisers are all live business men and can be relied upon to do just what they say.

Don't fail to try our ever reliable Milliner, Miss Sara Collins.

For fine groceries, tinware, confectioneries and fruits, call on Stevens & Collins. They will treat you right.

E. T. Miller, Prentiss, made an assignment Saturday for the benefit of his creditors. Liabilities not known.

Rev. J. R. McAfee will preach at Alexander Schoolhouse next Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. The public generally is invited.

Last Monday as Henry Osborne was returning from Owensboro he lost a pocket-book containing \$75 and two valuable receipts.

If you want to be on time, just ride on Caschler & Burton's 'Bus. They meet all trains, and keep a first-class livery stable.

H. C. Pace has added two elegant new revolving chairs to his barber-shop, and is now better prepared than ever to accommodate you.

Mr. J. W. Ford has sold the Hartford House to J. W. Weaver, of Jefferson county. Mr. Carson will continue to run it for some time yet.

It will be awful nice to leave a picture when you are dead, so you had better call on Smoot and have one made while you are in good health.

Mr. Richard Bennett, of Beda, has sold his farm and stock and will start at once for Altoona, Florida, where he will make his future home. Mr. Bennett is honest, upright and industrious, and while we regret to lose him as one of our friends and citizens, we heartily recommend him and his family to those with whom they may cast their lot.

Buy the Anderson wear for ever Shoes for school. CARSON & Co.

LOST—One bay mare, about 16 years old, on the 27th ult. Finder will please leave her at M. C. Gilman's, Magan and be liberally rewarded.

Buy your School Furniture and apparatus, required by the new school law, of the United States School Furniture Co. W. A. GIBSON, Agt., Hartford, Ky.

Mrs. W. M. Awtry, Horse Branch, being sick prevents Mr. W. M. Awtry from now being actively engaged in a canvass of the county. He hopes to be able to start out next week.

### At Home.

Having had an excellent season 'on the road' with my splendid photographing outfit I have now established my gallery permanently at my new house in Beaver Dam, Ky., where I am fully equipped for doing all kinds of photographic work. Cabinet photo's a specialty. Instantaneous photographs of children. Call and see my work. Very truly, A. D. TAYLOR.

### Executors Sale.

On Saturday the 21st day of Oct., 1893, at the residence of the late Joseph C. Barnett, in Ohio County, Ky., we will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder a lot of farming implements, horses, mules, cows, hogs, corn, hay &c. Terms made known on day of sale. WOOD TINSLEY, J. E. C. M. BARNETT, J. E. R.

### Program of the Ohio County Baptist Ministers' Institute.

Which will convene at Beaver Dam, Ky., Friday Oct. 27, 1893.

1.—What course should be pursued with Baptists who remove into the vicinity of a Baptist church, but refuse to join it?—J. S. Coleman and A. G. Davis.

2.—Is it in keeping with Baptist practice or scriptural, to receive or to finally dismiss a member, whether by exclusion or otherwise, except by unanimous vote of all voting in the case?—J. T. Casebier and W. H. Bell.

3.—Is it scriptural to expel a penitent and ex-communicant transgressor from the church?—T. J. Morton and J. Likens.

4.—What should churches do with members who have means but refuse to contribute to the support of the church?—J. N. Jarnagin and W. G. Fulkerson.

5.—Is an unregenerate man a free moral agent?—G. W. Gordon and B. F. Jenkins.

6.—The evils of annual calls to the pastorate—D. J. K. Madrox and A. G. Davis.

7.—The scriptural doctrine of predestination—A. B. Smith and M. M. Hampton.

8.—The importance of Ministers' attending the meetings of the Ohio County Baptist Ministers' Institute—H. P. Brown and L. W. Tichenor.

6.—Repentance, what is it and what are its results?—E. D. Maddox and J. E. Acton.

Those Ministers that were not present at the last meeting will read the papers they prepared for that meeting. J. S. COLEMAN, Ch'm'n.

### College Happenings.

J. H. Williams and W. H. Osborne visited relatives in Daviess county Friday and Saturday.

A. S. Bennett visited his parents near Beda Saturday.

J. L. Brown is absent from school this week on the account of sickness.

Master Bonnie Barnett is in Louisville this week.

Misses Mabel Kimbley and Bertie Morton attended the Owensboro Fair last week.

Capt. M. H. Campbell, of Henderson, Ky., came up Friday and brought his two sons, Willie and Henry, and put them in school here.

Verily the R. E. C.'s do move. Miss Verda Duke "jined 'em" Friday.

D. H. Howerton is a new member in the Adelphian Society.

Dr. Alexander proposes to quit debating with the boys, because he is always on the losing side of the question.

The fight between the boys and the girls in the Latin class is warmer and promises to make this one of the most interesting classes in school.

Prof. T. J. Coats, editor of the Greenville Muhlenburger, paid us a pleasant visit Tuesday morning.

Capt. W. H. Sandusky, proprietor of the Sandusky House, Central City, attended General Exercise Tuesday morning.

J. W. Power, of Tennessee, entered school this week.

Still the teachers have their meetings and they are proving very beneficial indeed. On Monday evening they met with Miss Nall. And with her as leader we dived down into the depths of the great Atlantic to search for the "lost Atlantis" and after much discussion they finally located it between Africa and South America, where it is supposed to have existed ages ago. On Wednesday evening they met with Dr. E. B. Pendleton. The subject for discussion was the "brain," the organ of the mind, led by Dr. Pendleton. They waded into deep water, but after awhile came to shore with several conclusions. Dr. J. E. Pendleton and wife were with us and he gave us quite an interesting psychological talk.

Misses Hennie Gunther, city, and Annie Allen, Rosine, attended General Exercises Thursday morning.

Mrs. Warriner and daughter, of Meriden, Conn., were welcome visitors to the primary room Thursday.

The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are continually increasing. Try it.

## PERSONAL

Miss Sue Yeiser is visiting in Owensboro.

Dr. A. B. Baird went to Lexington Tuesday.

Miss Sallie Cate went to Owensboro Monday.

Tom Beck, Spring Lick, was in town Wednesday.

A. L. Westerfield, Prentiss, was in town Wednesday.

Col. J. S. R. Wedding spent Saturday and Sunday in Rosine.

R. J. Mason, Buford, called to see us while in town Wednesday.

Truman Woodward, Centertown, gave us a pleasant call Tuesday.

Henry Osborne and Lee Stevens returned from Owensboro Monday.

E. P. Moore, Sulphur Springs, spent several days in town this week.

Mrs. J. M. Barnett and little son, Bonnie, are visiting relatives in Louisville.

Misses Bertie Morton and Mabel Kimbley returned from Owensboro Tuesday.

Mrs. G. J. Bean and daughter, Miss Anna, visited relatives near Sulphur Springs this week.

Mr. James F. Carson, the genial proprietor of the Hartford House, is visiting the World's Fair.

Miss Hortense Rogers, of the Liberty neighborhood, is visiting the family of her brother, Jo. B. Rogers.

Mr. Ike Johnson and wife, of Spring Grove, arrived in town yesterday to visit friends and relatives for several days.

F. L. Felix and wife, Miss Mary Nall, City, and Miss Maggie Duncan, McHenry, are attending the World's Fair.

Mrs. Rev. E. Warriner and daughter, Miss Edna, of Meriden, Conn., are visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. E. Thomas.

Thomas W. Casebier and wife, of Muhlenburg county, spent Saturday and Sunday in town, the guests of J. M. Casebier and family.

Mrs. M. L. Heavrin, Mrs. John R. Phipps and Miss Rosa Woerner will leave for Louisville Sunday, where they will visit friends and relatives for two or three weeks.

### Lost-Pocket-book

On last Monday between Hartford and Owensboro a large black pocket-book containing Seventy-five Dollars (\$75)—one fifty dollar bill, two tens and one five. The finder will please leave at this office and be liberally rewarded.

HENRY OSBORNE.

### Notice.

The Farmers Alliance and Industrial Union of Ohio County, will hold its next quarterly meeting with Clear Run sub-Union, Oct. 19th and 20th. Every sub-Union in the county is earnestly requested to send delegates to this meeting. We are authorized by the Chairman of the Executive Committee to remit all past dues of delinquents and reinstate all sub-Unions on the payment of the semi-annual assessment. Let every suspended Union in the county call a meeting immediately and send delegates to this meeting. The Alliance is bound to boom and all we need is your assistance. There will be some very important business transacted at this meeting and you are needed to help us. Fraternally,

JAMES P. MILLER, Pres. F. A. & I. U.

### List of Letters

Remaining in the Hartford Postoffice, which if not called for in ten days will be sent to the Dead Letter Office: Miss Lula Bean, Rev. Jas. Browning, Pricilla Buckner, Miss Mat Brown, Eld Louis Burdette, Mr. Chesterfield, Mr. Lonnie Coache, Miss Julia H. Chinn, E. L. Davenport, Jack Goldberry, Dr. Wm. Headen, Mr. Harris Kotz, G. P. Kelly, Mr. J. Kotz, V. B. Morton, Mrs. Annie Taylor, Andrew Tygren, Mr. George Tonzie, James Tyler, Rev. W. C. Wilson, Chas. Rosenhime & Co.

Superintendent's Appointments. I will visit the following schools at times named:

MONDAY, OCT. 23.

9 a m, No 107, Mrs. Mollie Storms.

11:30 a m, No. 45.

2:30 p m, No 80, Miss Florence Wright.

TUESDAY, 24.

8 a m, No. 84, E. E. Rhodes.

10:30 a m, No 76, Miss Eva Pirtle.

3 p m, No. 24, Miss Phronia Miller.

WEDNESDAY, 25.

8 a m, No. 43.

11 a m, No. 42, J. D. Hocker.

2:30 p m, No. 93, Mrs. Pearl Miller.

THURSDAY, 26.

8 a m, No. 59, Carl Soper.

11 a m, No. 95, Miss Belle Whittinghill.

2:30 p m, No. 96, S. W. Pate and F. J. Jarboe.

FRIDAY, 27.

8 a m, No. 77, V. I. Mosely.

11 a m, No. 3, Miss Ella Herring.

2:30 p m, No.

The Trustees and patrons are requested to be present. It is especially necessary that the full Board of Trustees be on hand, as important business will be transacted with each District. Trustees will bring their Record Book and District Boundary. Resp'y, J. B. ROGERS.

What Do You Take Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—HOOD'S PILLS—25cents.

## DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

### The Sacrificial Lamb's Name Is Whittaker.

The Democratic Senatorial Convention for this District met at Beaver Dam last Tuesday evening to nominate a candidate for State Senator.

The meeting was called to order by the Chairman of the District Committee and on motion Col. S. P. Love, of Greenville, was elected Chairman and B. D. Ringo, of Hartford, was made Secretary along with the members of the Democratic Press, Moses R. Glenn, J. R. Jones and J. F. Kimberlin as Assistant Secretaries.

On motion the Chair appointed a Committee on Resolutions as follows: T. J. Smith and J. S. Glenn, of Ohio county, J. F. Kimberlin and S. L. Taylor, of Butler county, M. R. Glenn and Judge Jep C. Johnson, of Muhlenburg county. This Committee reported as follows:

RESOLVED, First, That we approve of the calling of this District Mass Convention for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent this Senatorial District, composed of Muhlenburg, Butler and Ohio Counties, and we also,

Second, Approve of the cause and policy of the present Democratic Administration with reference to the extra session of Congress and the object and patriotic purposes in calling the same, and we express our renewed devotion to the principles of the Democratic party and have full confidence in the representatives of the party carrying out the will of the party as expressed at the poles November last.

Third, Recognizing the sterling ability, eminent worth and fitness of Esq. J. E. Whittaker, of Butler county, we recommend the name of this gentleman as the standard-bearer for the Democratic Senatorial honors of the 7th District, and,

RESOLVED, That we pledge to the nominee of this Convention our hearty support on the 7th day of November next. All of which is respectfully submitted. J. C. JOHNSON, Ch'm'n. J. F. KIMBERLIN, Sec'y.

Report of Committee was unanimously adopted and Mr. J. E. Whittaker was called for and responded in a short speech accepting the nomination and promising to do all in his power to secure his election.

There being no other business before the convention it adjourned.

### NOTES.

Col. Love still has hopes for Butler county.

Zebulon Shultz was there shaking the hands of the voter.

Total crowd present, including the Republican on-lookers, forty-one.

Ohio County Delegates promised Mr. Whittaker three hundred majority.??

Judge Yost for Muhlenburg would promise no majority, as he could not tell what it would do.

Mr. R. P. Hocker spoke from experience and said there was no great certainty of Democratic success in this District.

Mr. Whittaker promises if elected to guard the interests of Ohio, Butler and Edmondson counties, Muhlenburg was not "in it."

No Committee on Credentials was necessary, as Judge Yost suggested that all present were good Democrats and intimated that he only wished that there were more of them in this District.

Pay Up! The teachers who subscribed to the fund to be expended in the purchase of a Webster's International Dictionary for the school having the best work in the Teachers Exhibit and who have not paid their subscriptions, are earnestly requested to remit to me at once, as the Dictionary has been ordered and will be here in a few days. The subscriptions were made at the Institute last year.

Hoping to have an early response, I am yours truly, J. B. ROGERS, County Superintendent.

## —TO— DRESS WELL

Is more the result of good judgment and taste than the mere lavish use of money.

OUR New Stock of Fall Dress Goods is adapted to fill the wants of those who have slender income still desire to make their their appearance creditable.

Our experience and close relation with the manufacturers enable us to present this season a line of DRESS GOODS unapproachable in Style, Quality and Price.

OUR Clothing and Overcoats are the best that the market will furnish. The finest line of Hats and Notions in Hartford. Also a complete line of Shoes, Furniture and Groceries.

All kinds of Produce taken in exchange.

Yours for Trade, CARSON & CO.

## Come to Hartford

—TO SEE THE—



## SPRING OPENING —OF—

C. L. Field's car of Buggies just from the Davis Carriage Company.

He will save you MONEY by Buying from HIM. Will sell you a Buggy, Harness, Lap Duster and Whip from \$60.00 up to \$75.00. The Davis Carriage Company has the reputation of building the best Buggy for the money of any Factory in Cincinnati.

So come and judge for yourself.

## Here's Something



## You Will Like.

We are manufacturers of Buggies, Carts Surries and Carriages, and deal directly with the consumer, thus saving him the per cent. usually paid to middle men. Our prices are reasonable, and we guarantee satisfaction.

Respectfully,

F. A. AMES & CO.

Owensboro, Ky.

WHISKEY and Ophium Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. Address: H. WOODLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga. Ohio and Kentucky.

Attention Friends. To avoid delay address all business letters and matter for publication to the REPUBLICAN, Hartford, Ky.

SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGES

The great practical Business Training Book-Keeping and Short-hand Colleges. They give a passport to business and success. Catalogue free. Snow Spencer, President, J. R. Fish, Sec'y. Address: Spencerian College at Louisville, Ky., Owensboro, Ky., or Evansville, Ind.



## Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

### THE LITTLE BROWN WREN.

There's a little brown wren that has built in our tree,  
And she's scarcely as big as a big bumblebee.  
She has followed a house in the heart of a hill,  
And made the walls tidy and made the floor trim.  
With the down of the crow's foot, with tow and with straw,  
The coziest dwelling that ever you saw.  
This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes  
And a foot of a very diminutive size.  
Her tail is as trim as the sail of a ship.  
She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip,  
And her voice—but a flute more fit than a pen  
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.  
One morning Sir Sparrow came sauntering by  
And sang to the wren's house an evanescent song.  
With a strut of bravado and a toss of his head,  
"I'll put in my claim here," the bold fellow said.  
So straightaway he mounted on impudent wing  
And entered the door without pausing to ring.  
An instant—and swiftly that feathery knight  
All tumbled and tumbled in terror took flight.  
While there by the door on her favorite perch,  
As neat as a lady just starting for church,  
With this song on her lip, "He will not call again  
Unless he is asked," sat the little brown wren.  
—Clinton Scotland in Harper's Young People.

### A LOVERS' QUARREL.

Dick and I had quarreled and parted.  
I cannot tell you how it all began, or why it ended in this serious fashion, but I can assure you I felt very miserable as I saw him striding away over the fields, although I had told him to go myself. Still I never thought he would have taken me at my word.  
"What shall I say to Aunt Maria?" I thought as I turned my steps homeward. This was a very serious reflection indeed, for it had been the dream of Aunt Maria's existence to see me united to Dick Johnson, the handsome only son of our wealthy neighbor, Sir Henry.  
Dick and I had played together as children, danced together, flirted together, and finally fell in love with each other.  
We were to have been married in a month, and now I had sent him away and told him I never wished to see him again.  
"What was to be done—and, oh dear! what should I say to Aunt Maria? There was no help for it, however, but to go home and explain the situation to the best of my ability, and accordingly home I went.  
Aunt Maria was in the drawing room, and I stole softly in and took up a book, hoping that she would not notice me. But she saw me directly and inquired: "Where is Dick?"  
"He has gone home," I replied, trying to assume an unconcerned manner and failing most signally in the attempt.  
"Gone home? Why! Did you not tell him I expected him to dinner?"  
"Yes."  
"Then why is he not coming?"  
"He had an engagement," I mumbled.  
"For goodness' sake, child, speak out! Come here where I can see you. How red your face is! What is the matter?"  
I rose obediently and stood before my aunt, who fixed a relentless gaze upon me.  
"You have been crying," she said.  
"Now, just tell me the truth at once, Daisy. Have you and Dick quarreled?"  
"Yes," I faltered.  
"And what about, pray?"  
"I don't know."  
"You don't know!" This in a very sarcastic tone.  
I remained silent and fumbled for my pocket handkerchief.  
"Who began it?" pursued Aunt Maria sternly.  
"I don't know."  
"Have you broken off your engagement?"  
"Yes," I burst forth. "I hate him, and I will never speak to him again." Then I began to weep copiously.  
"If you're going to howl," said Aunt Maria, with bitter irony, "you had better leave the room. I shall require a full explanation tomorrow from both you and Mr. Johnson."  
I fled up stairs and did not appear again that evening. I passed a wretched night and had a fearful scene with Aunt Maria the next morning. She stormed and expostulated, but I remained firm in my resolve to return Dick's ring and presents that very day.  
Accordingly I spent a couple of hours in crying over them and packing them up.  
After luncheon Aunt Maria announced her intention of visiting some pensioners of hers in a village about three miles distant and ordered me to accompany her, which I prepared to do with a very bad grace, I fear. We walked for about half an hour without exchanging a word, and a more thoroughly ill-tempered pair of pedestrians could hardly have been found anywhere.  
Our way led through some fields, and on reaching the first gate I noticed a man leaning against it. As we came up he opened it for us, and politely raised his hat. He looked like a gentleman, was dressed in a well-fitting suit of blue serge. I saw that he was a stranger and wondered where he came from, as strangers were rare in our secluded part of the world.  
A little way farther on I looked back and observed that he was following us.  
He overtook us before we reached the next gate, passed us and opened this one also, again lifting his hat as we went by.  
I thought this rather odd, but having resolved not to speak to Aunt Maria until she addressed me I held my peace.  
At the third gate the same performance was repeated, but this time the stranger did not fall behind. He walked to Aunt Maria's side and asked, "May I offer you my arm?"  
"Certainly not, sir," was the indignant rejoinder. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance, nor do I desire it."  
"At least you will permit me to carry your umbrella," continued the stranger unabashed. Aunt Maria merely snorted, and clutching her umbrella more firmly marched on at an increased pace.  
"Is there no little service you will allow me to render you," pursued our unwelcome companion in tragic tones.  
"Go away, sir!" said my aunt furiously.  
"We do not wish for your company. Your having spoken to us at all is a piece of the most unwarrantable impertinence."  
"Do not drive me from you," was the reply. "I love you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. You are the only woman I have ever loved."  
And with these words this most extraordinary individual thrust himself on his knees right in Aunt Maria's path. At this point a light broke in upon me. There was a large private lunatic asylum in the neighborhood. This must surely be one of the patients who had eluded the vigilance of his keepers and escaped.  
"He's mad," I whispered to Aunt Maria. "For goodness' sake humor him or he will murder us both. I have always heard they must be humored."  
Aunt Maria, however, paid no attention, and I almost doubt if she even heard me.  
"Let me pass, this instant, sir," she gasped, crimson with wrath.  
"Never! never! till you promise to be mine."  
At this point, I regret to say, my aunt lost her temper, or altogether, and raising

her umbrella she brought it down on her suitor's head with such force that she quite crushed in the top of the booby's skull. For a moment he seemed petrified with astonishment. Then he sprang to his feet, and seizing Aunt Maria in his arms lifted her bodily from the ground and carried her along the path. She struggled lustily, and I followed, screaming for help.

The lunatic strode on until he reached the gate which led into a field, on one side of which ran a rather high stone wall. Upon the top of this wall he placed my unfortunate aunt and then stooped and calmly surveyed her.

"Take me down! Let me go!" she shrieked.  
"Not till I have your promise to marry me," replied the lunatic. "I am quite prepared to remain here until tomorrow morning, need be," he added, with great coolness.

"Oh, aunt, do say 'Yes,'" I implored, but at this our persecutor turned upon me. "Will you have the goodness not to interfere?" he said, so fiercely that I was terrified and shrank back.

For about ten minutes Aunt Maria sat on that wall and raved. Then she burst into tears. At this juncture I perceived a man's figure in the distance. Was he coming this way? Oh, joy, he was! As he drew nearer I saw to my unfeigned delight and dismay that it was Dick, and seeing that the lunatic had his back to me I ran to meet him.

"Oh, Dick," I shouted as I came up to him, "we have been so terribly frightened by a madman! He has put Aunt Maria on the wall and says she can't get down until she promises to marry him. Do come and save her!"

Dick ran quickly to the spot, and the lunatic turned and faced him.  
"You rascal!" cried Dick. "Stand back and let me take that lady off the wall."  
"You shall not touch her," said the lunatic fiercely.

Dick took him by the coat collar and flung him aside with such force that he stumbled and fell. The next instant Dick had lifted Aunt Maria safely to the ground. He had scarcely done so when the madman leaped upon him, and a terrific struggle followed. Suddenly I saw the lunatic place his hand in the bosom of his coat, and the next instant there was a flash of steel. He had drawn a knife.

"Oh, Dick!—oh, my darling!" I screamed, "he will kill you!"  
In that moment I forgot our quarrel. I forgot everything except that I loved him better than anything in the world, and that he was in peril of his life, and rushing forward I grasped the madman's arm and hung on to it with all my weight. Aunt Maria screamed lustily for help, and as I spun round with the combatant I caught sight of two men running across the field.

Aid was near, so I clinched my teeth and held on like grim death. In a few seconds it seemed like an eternity to me—the men were on the spot, and after a brief struggle the lunatic was secured and disarmed by the two keepers, who had been searching for him all day. As for me, the danger being over, I promptly fainted away. When I came to myself, Dick was kneeling beside me, supporting me in his arms.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.  
"Yes," I replied, with a smile. "I am quite well."  
We all three walked home together, and Dick clined with us that evening.

Afterward, when I accompanied him into the hall to bid him good night, he asked as he held me in his arms, "Tell me, Daisy, would you have been sorry if that fellow had killed me today?"  
"Don't talk about it, dearest," I answered, with a shudder. "It would have broken my heart."  
"Then you cannot live without me after all!"

I leaned against his breast in silence, and he kissed me very tenderly.  
Dick and I have never quarreled since, and I do not believe we shall ever quarrel again as long as we live.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### The Girl Who Walked.

Miss Hester Weymouth left Swan's Valley, in the southern part of Windham county, Conn., last June, with only three dollars and after visiting the World's Fair, returned with husband and fifty dollars that she had earned herself. Her father was a poor man and she had contributed to the support of her parents and given herself a liberal education as teacher of the Swan's Valley school. On the 16th day of June, her 23d birthday day, she set out on foot. She took along a few dozen household novelties, carried in a handbag, for sale. She traveled directly west, and while she avoided the railroad for fear of encountering tramps, she followed the country roads running parallel. She reached Scranton, Pa., in good health, but her stock of novelties was exhausted and she purchased material used in embroidery and fancy work. This she sold and found herself growing better off financially day by day. She passed through the oil region, finally arriving at Cleveland, Ohio. Keeping the Lake Shore and Michigan railroad in sight, she followed the southern shore of

Lake Erie to Toledo. Between Cleveland and Toledo she sold paper dresses and cleared thirty-eight dollars. This business proved the most profitable and she continued it until she reached La Porte. She arrived at Chicago August 2 with about seventy-five dollars in her pocket. In Ohio, about half way between Cleveland and Sandusky, Miss Weymouth was overtaken by a thunderstorm. For protection she fled to a large oak tree in the field a short distance from the road. When she reached the tree she found that it already sheltered a man. He proved to be a very respectable-looking young fellow and before the storm had subsided they had become quite well acquainted.

The young man was the owner of the farm of which the field in which they were a portion, and when he learned that the young woman was bound for Chicago, he gave her the address of his sister, who lived there, and asked her to call on her. When Miss Weymouth reached the town she called at the address given her, and found that the man's sister was the wife of a wealthy merchant. The young woman told her story, and was well received. Arrangements were made by which she was to perform certain household duties three days in each week for her board and lodging. The remainder of the time she devoted to visiting the Fair. Two weeks after her arrival in Chicago the young man from Ohio put in his appearance at his sister's house and laid such earnest siege to Miss Weymouth's heart that she consented to become his wife, a pastor was called and the knot tied. The newly wedded pair remained in Chicago ten days, and then left for Ohio. The young man proved to be prosperous, and accompanied his bride East for the purpose of bringing her aged parents to their Western home.

### In Memory.

Of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Shaver, who departed this life Sept. 30, 1893.

Thy sweet little Leona has flown  
To the arms of the angels above;  
Her infantile graces are borne  
To a region of brightness and love.

Too ethereal and pure for this sphere,  
Our Father has called her away—  
To realms where no sorrow nor fear  
Can ever overshadow our way.

To a home ever joyous and blest,  
Where flowers most fragrant abound;  
Where wisdom and mercy and rest  
Shed a sweetness and halo around.

Then mourn not the casket so fair,  
Enclosing the sweet gleaming gem;  
The pearl is now shining afar,  
Adorning His bright diadem.

He gave her, He took her, He knew  
Thy anguish so cruel and wild;  
His mantle of mercy He threw  
On thee and thy long suffering child.

Then bow to His will and resign  
Thy Leona to His mighty arm;  
For wisdom and love—alike divine,  
Will shield her from sin and from harm.

### That Little Word—"Obey."

[N. Y. PRESS.]

With the increasing prominence and activity of woman in business circles come signs of a revolt against certain relics of the days of social antiquity, when she was man's slave. One of these is the presence of the word "obey" in the marriage services of liturgical churches, the use of which is by no means confined to the churches to which they belong. The independent spirit of woman is getting tired of these four letters, which, in their liturgical order and connection, have such a deep significance. To be sure, the word "obey" has been a dead letter, a very, very dead letter, for many years. But this does not alter the fact that it is still there, and all women with a keen sense of honor object to making pledges as a matter of form, which they do not expect to keep. Nor does it mend matters for the ardent lover-bridegroom to assure his bride that it is simply there as a part of a contract which it takes two to make, and that, just as the whole of her marriage vow, too, she promises to obey him, and this he privately swears never for one moment to do.

What is to be done? The virtue of obedience is one of the cardinal principles of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Episcopal Church has just revised its prayer book (without, however, omitting the objectionable word

"obey") and is likely to have a conservative reaction against any more revisions or amendments for many years to come. There seems little prospect of help from liturgical churches. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians and other denominations which, in whole or in part, use the Episcopal marriage service might be induced to leave out this word; just as they leave out whatever else seems to them superfluous. But so long as the word is there in the official copies of the service so long will it chafe woman and so long will the chafed spot fester. Ecclesiastical bodies are slow to make important changes, and the written law or form is likely to remain unchanged until public opinion leaves it so far behind by the progress of unwritten law and practice that the discrepancy seems grotesque.

Why is he so testy?  
This question is often heard and nearly as often unanswered.

It is not always remembered, as it should be, that the occasion of ill-temper and irritability is often to be found in the physical condition of the persons affected. What is the use of trying to harmonize a man whose liver has gone back on him? If a man is tortured with rheumatism how can he be pleasant and affable? Can a confirmed dyspeptic be expected to be cheerful and always ready to tell a funny story? The only way to remove the difficulty is to get at the cause. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, impure blood and liver trouble yield to Hoo's Sarsaparilla; this is why it is an effective tranquilizer, a peaceful messenger and a preventative of domestic quarrels.

SEND twelve cents in postage stamps to 39 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., and you will receive four copies of Kate Fie's Washington, containing matter of special interest. Give name and address, and where you saw this advertisement. 1y

Report of Haystack School.  
Below is the report of District No. 42, for the month ending Sept. 29:

Emmet Chambliss 94, Wavy Marlow 96, Julia Chambliss 95, Bertha Marlow 95, Alice Bannan 95, Alice Black 96, Albert Morrison 95, David Jett 96, Mollie Sanders 96, Grace Early 95, Ila Keen 89, Nettie Latham 97, Wavy Early 4, Phenia Martin 96, Eva Sanders 96, Clarence Keown 95, Emet Bannan 96, Chester Keown 95, Samuel Keen 97, Chester House 97, Flossie Bannan 94, Eddie House 94, Fred Marlow 95, Amby McDaniel 94, Manda House 94, Mabel Chambliss 94, Nellie Marlow 97, Perry Keown 98, Pussie Early 93, Mary Keen 94, Gabriel Martin 100, Walter Cook 100, Bant Keen 100, Walter Marlow 95, Rhoda Voyles 100, Sallie O'Leary 100, Dora Marlow 100, Mary Keown 100, Stella Early 100.

J. DUNHAM HOCKER, Teacher.

Ignorance of the merits of De Witt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, bad breath, constipation and biliousness.

L. B. BRAN.

BEANS STATION, KY.  
Previous to beginning school work near this place, we had the pleasure of a weeks sojourn in Ohio county.

It is needless to say that we had a pleasant time, for any one whose good fortune it has been to be likewise cast, well know the generous hospitality of that section.

First, Bells Run was visited and was found to be still enjoying the results of the recent series of meetings conducted by Bro. Cox.

Next, Clear Run was in order and seemed to present its usual good humored appearance.

We then turned our course in the direction of Heflin, calling on Prof. Elmore as we passed. That worthy teacher was busy with his duties, striving to make his school a success, which it undoubtedly will be, being assisted as he is, by his share of modern school helps and conveniences.

At Heflin we found the business men all wide-awake to their interests and moving along in the same jovial manner as heretofore.

Thus ended a pleasant week which will be always remembered during the lonesome scenes of the dreary winter fast approaching.

MR MICAWBER.

Joint Meeting  
Teachers of the Fourth District and Hartford Association will meet in a joint meeting at Bida on the third Saturday in October, with the following program:  
9 a. m.—Devotional Exercises—Rev. J. A. Bennett.  
Address—C. M. Crowe.  
Response—O. M. Shultz.  
"What we may realize from our Teachers' Meetings"—E. R. Ray, I. C. Hoover, Ida M. Smith, D. Ellis Miller and Alice Bowman.  
Recitation—Mary Miller.  
"School Incentives"—J. S. Field, D. E. Ward, Wm Foster, J. H. Barnes and W. C. Gray.  
Essay—Georgia Hinds.  
NOON—RECESS.  
1:30 p. m.—How may Current Events be taught in School?—J. L. Elmore, Will Barnes, Chas. H. Ellis and C. M. Hicks.  
"What do our positions as Teachers demand of us?"—A. P. Taylor, I. B. Loney, L. T. Barnard and Supt. Jo. B. Rogers.  
"The Teachers' Herald"—A paper in two parts—First part, Sallie May Coleman Editor. Second part, John B. Wilson Editor.  
Recitation—Laura Render.  
"Public sentiment and school work"—J. L. Hoover, J. M. Stogner and Dr. Wayland Alexander.  
Select Reading—Annie M. Allen.  
Miscellaneous business.  
Adjournment.

C. M. CROWE,  
DORA GIBSON, } Com.  
O. M. SHULTZ, }

Catarth Cannot be Cured  
with local application, as they can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarth. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, price 75c.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises, skin affliction and piles.

L. B. BRAN.

Scientific American  
Agency for  
PATENTS  
TRADE MARKS,  
DESIGN PATENTS,  
COPYRIGHTS, ETC.  
Information and advice given free of charge. Write to MUNN & CO., 311 Broadway, New York, C. O. Box 1110. No money advanced until business is brought before the office by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

WORMS!  
WHITE'S CREAK  
VERMIFUGE  
FOR 20 YEARS  
Has led all Worm Remedies.  
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.  
Prepared by RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

Commercial Hotel,  
CENTRAL CITY, KY.  
R. R. PAXON, PROPRIETOR.  
Has just been repaired and newly furnished. Located close to Depot. Good meals or first-class lunch. Give it a trial.

The DIRECT  
NEWPORT NEWS & DOG  
LOUISVILLE & MEMPHIS  
and only  
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY  
SOLID TRAIN  
ROUTE

BETWEEN  
LOUISVILLE and MEMPHIS,  
WITH  
PULLMAN BUFFET Sleeping Cars

FROM AND TO  
LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, VICKSBURG,  
BATON ROUGE, and NEW ORLEANS,  
via Memphis.

The Quick and Desirable Route  
TO AND FROM  
New York Philadelphia Baltimore  
Washington Norfolk Old Point Comfort  
Richmond Norfolk Cleveland  
Toledo Chicago Indianapolis  
Cincinnati Louisville

Eastern and Northeastern Points  
and Memphis Vicksburg Baton Rouge  
New Orleans Mobile Little Rock Hot  
Springs and points in West Tennessee  
Texas Arkansas Mississippi  
Louisiana and the South and  
SOUTHWEST.

The line is thoroughly equipped and in first-class condition, and provides an excellent arrangement in time and through cars. A FEATURE is the time and convenience secured by the Limited Express Trains. Only a single stop between Louisville and Memphis, and the best and quickest service between the two cities ever offered. Tickets, Time-Tables and all desired information secured by applying to J. M. Tichenor, Agent at Beaver Dam, or T. B. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.

## It Will Build You Up

Are you all run down? Scott's Emulsion of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will build you up and put flesh on you and give you a good appetite.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

## Scott's Emulsion



## J. D. WILLIAMS

General - Blacksmith.  
Beaver Dam, Ky.

All kinds of Repairing done on short notice and at most reasonable rates.

## HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

Agent for the Kansas City Complete Circuit, All Steel, Mounted Hay Press, Disc Harrows, Osborne Mowers and Rakes.

\$37.50 SOUTHERN QUEEN \$37.50  
Is it possible a Top Buggy with Silver-plated Dash Rail, Seat Rail, Handles, Hub Bands and Shaft Tips, for above price?



Write for our New 80 page Catalogue of all kinds of Vehicles.  
THE SOUTHERN BUGGY CO.  
CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

## An Unprecedented Offer.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

## New York Weekly Tribune,

A twenty-four page journal, is the leading Republican family paper in the United States. It is filled with interesting reading matter for every member of a country family. It is a NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER, and gives all the general news of the United States and the world. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its AGRICULTURAL department has no superior in the country. Its MARKET REPORTS are recognized authority in all parts of the land. It has separate departments for THE FAMILY CIRCLE and OUR YOUNG FOLKS. Its HOME AND SOCIETY columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive. A special contract enables us to offer this splendid journal and THE REPUBLICAN

For Only \$1.25 per year.  
CASH IN ADVANCE.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.25. Subscription may begin at any time. Address all orders to

## HARTFORD REPUBLICAN,

Hartford, Kentucky.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of the NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

## FURNITURE

Embracing All The POPULAR STYLES AT POPULAR PRICES.

## H. L. BOWLDS,

112 West Main St., Owensboro, Ky.

### HILL'S Double Chloride of Gold Tablets

REMEMBER WE GUARANTEE A CURE  
and refund the money if the most  
careful investigation as to our responsibility  
and the merits of our Tablets.

READ OUR TESTIMONIALS

Will completely destroy the desire for TOBACCO in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly harmless; causes no sickness, and will be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop smoking or chewing in a few days.

DRUNKENNESS and MORPHINE HABIT can be cured at home, and without any effort on the part of the patient, by the use of our SPECIAL FORMULA GOLD CURE TABLETS.

During treatment patients are allowed the free use of Liquor or Morphine until such time as they shall voluntarily give them up.

We send particulars and pamphlet of testimonials free, and shall give no place suffers from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.

HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all FIRST-CLASS druggists.

If your druggist does not keep them, enclose us \$1.00 and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our Tablets.

Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing any of the various nostrums that are being offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S TABLETS and take no other.

Manufactured only by  
—THE—  
OHIO CHEMICAL CO.,  
51, 53 & 55 Opera Block,  
LIMA, OHIO.

PARTICULARS FREE.

A FEW Testimonials from persons who have been cured by the use of Hill's Tablets.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—I have been using your cure for tobacco habit, and found it would do what you claim for it. I used ten cents worth of the strongest chewing tobacco a day, and from one to five cigars; or I would smoke from ten to forty pipes of tobacco. Have chewed and smoked for twenty-five years, and two packages of your Tablets cured me so I have no desire for it.

B. M. JAYLORD, Leslie, Mich.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent for \$1.00 worth of your Tablets for Tobacco Habit. I received them all right, and although I was both a heavy smoker and chewer, they did the work in less than three days. I am cured.

Truly yours, MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 4.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of liquor and through a friend, I was led to try your Tablets. He was a heavy and constant drinker, but after using your Tablets but three days he quit drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited four months before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Yours truly,  
MRS. HELEN MORRISON,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Your Tablets have performed a miracle in my case. I have used machine, hypodermically, for seven years, and have been cured by the use of two packages of your Tablets, and without any effort on my part.

W. L. LUTHEGAT.

Address all Orders to  
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.,  
51, 53 and 55 Opera Block, LIMA, OHIO.  
(In writing please mention this paper.)